

WHY NOT PULL FAIR?

Ever since the time of Adam
When that duffer got his fame,
We've been always knocking women.
For our wrongs she gets the blame.
She's the one that causes trouble.
What a great place this would be
If this world was for men only,
And from woman we'd be free.

Every time that man gets loaded,
'Twas some woman made him so.
With their nagging and their scolding
Off on a drunk they made us go.
If we steal, 'twas they that made us.
To get clothes for them to wear,
Really this is something awful,
All the ills men have to bear.

And the loafer on the corner,
He must knock the women, too,
How they smoke and drink and gamble
At their clubs what things they do.
They neglect their homes and children,
Run around both day and night;
Just think how the poor men suffer,
O, my word, it is a fright!

Let me tell you, my dear brother,
Even if these things were true,
Yet a woman is a bad one,
If she's not as good as you.
Show me where there is a woman,
Who, perchance, has gone astray,
And I'll show you close beside her
Some fool man who led the way.
If she smokes, 'twas he who taught her
If she drinks, you showed her how,
If she is as you have made her,
Is it right to knock her now?
God made man and God made woman,
Both upon a different plan,
There never was a real bad woman
Who was not made so by man.

COMMUNITY CREED

Some Suggestions for the Progress
and Welfare of Our Own
Town and County.

I BELIEVE in my community; its many advantages as a good place to live and do business; its possibilities for the expansion of its varied industries; its opportunities for individual progress.

I BELIEVE that even though we may esteem it the best of all communities, we can make it still better, and that all forces should be joined to that end.

I BELIEVE in the integrity of my fellow-citizens, whatever their occupations; that each should have fair compensation for the service he renders to the community; and that they are entitled to my co-operation in their various business activities just as I should like them to co-operate with me in mine.

I BELIEVE that community interests will show progress only as its varied industries thrive and individual welfare is promoted.

I BELIEVE that all these industries are essential to the welfare of the community, and that every member of the community should do his or her part in advancing their several interests.

I BELIEVE that community prosperity can result solely from unity of purpose through which all citizens shall work together to a common end.

I BELIEVE that community progress can be no greater than the individual progress, and that individual progress is in turn largely dependent upon community progress.

I BELIEVE in community loyalty; that as a good citizen I should lose no opportunity to speak well of the community; that no community can hide its light under a bushel.

I BELIEVE that no community can be better than its members choose to make it, nor have a higher place in the esteem of others than they established for it.

I BELIEVE in the conservation of community resources; because the community is the civic unit, and only as its resources are conserved can we hope to conserve the resources of the state.

I BELIEVE in patronizing home industries, the sale of home products and the purchase of home goods in the home markets; in dealing with my friends and neighbors on a fair basis; in the foundation of community prosperity of the highest type be built.

I BELIEVE in the upbuilding of the community town, the maintenance of good roads, progressive methods of agriculture; because all these things not only advance the interests of the community as a whole but affect the welfare of every member of the community.

THEREFORE, I RESOLVE, that henceforth I shall be more thoughtful of my community interests and that I shall at all times hold in high esteem and speak well of my community and its citizens.

I RESOLVE, That I shall do all things feasible to develop the prestige of my community, and use every effort to discourage all forms of dissoluteness, especially such as may be manifested in thoughtless criticism or "knocking" of any character.

I RESOLVE, that I shall at every opportunity advocate that good fellowship and unity of purpose essential to community progress.

I RESOLVE, To do my part in the conserving of community resources and the encouragement of local business by selling to and making my purchases from home people, so far as may be feasible—not from sentimental motives, but because my own purposes will be best served and the community interests best advanced.

I RESOLVE, to join with my fellow-citizens in the promotion of all those things which concern our mutual welfare and have to do with the development of community progress.

I RESOLVE to rise above selfishness and petty jealousies and make practical application of the golden rule by dealing with others as I would have them deal with me.

ROAD WORK.

Stanton, March 13—April will soon be here and the work on our public roads will commence in earnest. The commissioners have been elected by the county court, and it is to be hoped that fitness and ability was the consideration that prompted their selection. They in turn have appointed the overseers for the various roads, and again it is to be hoped that these ap-

pointments were not personal or political, but strictly on capability and efficiency. And it is to be hoped that some system will be adopted in working the roads. What we need is a general system that will apply wherever the labor is adequate. Now these commissioners and overseers are not spending their time nor money, it belongs to the public and they should handle the money with the same care that they would if they were employed in a bank, and the overseer should handle the time of the hands just as he would if he had the men employed for his personal use. The overseer that does not stay with his hands and see that the labor is performed in a manner to get the best results, and also see that there are no dead heads, is not acting in good faith with the county, and should be dismissed, and the commissioner that allows bridges to be built out of inferior lumber and gives his voucher for same should resign through respect for the county. The buying of tools is a big expense, and I want to say that Haywood county's road tools are like the farming implements of our unsuccessful farmers, just left where last used. That is another place to use system. All tools should be charged to the overseer receiving same, and his final settlement should be made when he has accounted for same. I think the law says something like that, and a little better enforcement of the law would be economy. It is not the amount of money that is spent that hurts, it is the results. What the people want is a dollars worth of results for each dollar expended. You can't educate people up to the point of voting money for road improvement until they get better results for what they are now paying. We need some retrenchment in the expenditure of road funds in the county or else get better results. Our bridges last about four years and should last seven. Our road tools lay out in the weather all winter. You can often see bridge timber left over from the building of a new bridge rotting in the muck of the stream over which the bridge is built. We are getting woefully in debt in this county. I think it would pay every business man and farmer who is interested to attend quarterly court and see for himself where he stands. I think it would pay to have a financial report of the county published each quarter. I think at the January term our floating debt, outside of the railroad debt, was about \$14,000, so I think the time has come for every citizen of Haywood county to awaken to the fact that this money will have to be paid, and each and every one of you should do your part in seeing that Haywood county get a dollar's worth of results for each dollar expended.

A. N. POWELL.

THE ORACLE SPEAKS.

Shucks! Call this here cold?
W'y I kin recollect
Way back in 61—
Er wuz it 62?—well, anyway,
The merkerly it got so dad bing low
We had to get a spy glass fer to see it.
Cold! W'y dog my cats, fer three hull weeks
That ol' brown cow uv oun
Give chocklerate ice cream the hull blame time,
En Josh, our hired man,
He'd start out from the barn
A whistlin' "Mummy Mash."
En not a gosh binged note ud sound
Ontil he got inside the house,
Then, first you knowed,
You'd hear the tune a thawin out,
En right off quick
The hull blamed piece ud play itself.
Froze, don't you see, out in the air
En melted, soon's it
Struck the heat.
Cold!
W'y nearly all the hens stopped layin
That there month
En aigs wuz fetechin
Dollar twenty cents a dozen,
Betsy Jane, our speckled hen
She laid a aig one day
En started in to cackle.
Her cackle froze soon's she
Let it out.
En that there disappointed hen
Not hearin no noise
Went off an hung herself,
Heartbroke.
That there's SOME cold.

Appleton, Wis.—Herman Erb, president of the First National Bank, is an "U. T. C." fiend. He has not missed a performance of Uncle Tom's Cabin since he was a boy. He has seen the show 69 times.

A prudent mother is always on the watch for symptoms of worms in her children. Paleness, lack of interest in play and peevishness is the signal for WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE. A few doses of this excellent remedy puts an end to the worms and the child soon acts naturally. Price 25c per bottle. Sold by J. D. Curtis Drug Co.

DON'T NEGLECT CHILDREN'S

KIDNEY WEAKNESS

Brownsville Parents Should Not Overlook the Little One's Kidney Ailments.

One of the most annoying ailments of childhood is weak kidneys and inability to control the kidney secretions. Not only is this a discouraging trouble, and one that every mother is anxious to get rid of, but it is in many cases a signal of danger, of trouble that will get worse constantly if not attended to. If your child is frail or fitful, doesn't run around or play like other children, complains of backache and of feeling tired—suspect kidney weakness. Doan's Kidney Pills are very effective for kidney weakness in children and are perfectly safe. Brownsville parents recommend them. Mrs. R. L. Pulliam, Main street, Brownsville, says: "One of my children was afflicted with weak kidneys and bed wetting was common. The child was irritable and puny and was losing weight. It didn't take Doan's Kidney Pills long to bring about a change for the better and the child was soon entirely cured."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Pulliam recommends. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

"THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

This is the title of a poem which made its appearance about the time our correspondent designated, and its publication was, if we are not mistaken, first made in the "National Union." The pathos of the poem told on the soul and warmed the heart of the most cold and callous reader everywhere, and much speculation has been expended ever since as to who was the true author. We have the most implicit confidence in the narrative of facts which bear upon the authorship of this poem as given here-with, therefore we give them to the public.

In the early part of the war, one dark Saturday night in the dead of winter, there died in the Commercial Hospital, in Cincinnati, a young woman over whose head only two and twenty summers had passed. She had once been possessed of an enviable share of beauty, and had been as she herself says, "flattered and sought for the charms of the face; but, alas! upon her fair brow had long been written that terrible word—prostitute! Once the pride of respectable parentage, her first wrong step was the small beginning of the "same old story over again," which has been the only life history of thousands. Highly educated and accomplished in manners she might have shone in the best society. But the evil hour that proved her ruin was the door from childhood; and having spent a young life in disgrace and shame, the poor, friendless one died the melancholy death of a broken-hearted outcast.

Among her personal effects was found in manuscript "The Beautiful Snow," which was immediately carried to Enos B. Reed, a gentleman of culture and literary tastes, who was at that time editor of the National Union. In the columns of the paper on the morning of the day following the girl's death, the poem appeared in print for the first time. When the poem came out on Sunday morning the body of the victim had not yet received burial. The attention of Thos. Buchanan Reed, one of the first American poets, was so taken with their stirring pathos that he immediately followed the corpse to its final resting place.

Such are the plain facts concerning her whose "Beautiful Snow" shall long be remembered as one of the brightest gems in American literature.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below,
Over the housetops, over the street,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skipping along,
Beautiful snow, it cannot do wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,
Whirling about in their maddening fun
It plays in its glee with every one,
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by.

It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye,
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How wildly the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song,
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment then dark to the eye.
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go

Over the crest of the beautiful snow,
Snow so pure as it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth of the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell
Fell like the snow-flakes from heaven to hell,
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street.
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,

Selling my soul to whoever would buy
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread
Hating the living and fearing the dead
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was pure as the beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow,
Once I was loved for my innocent grace,
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face.

Father,
Mother,
Sister, all
God and myself I have lost in my fall.
The vilest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh,
For all that is on or above me I know
There's nothing that's pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange should it be when night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!

Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for a prayer, too weak for a moan
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down,
To be and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow
Sinner, despair not! Christ stooped

low
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin
And raise it to life and enjoyment
again,
Groaning,
Bleeding,
Dying for thee,
The Crucified hung on the accursed tree,
His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear,
Is there mercy for me, will he heed my prayer?
O God in the stream that for sinners did flow,
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

A COLOSSAL MONUMENT.

The most colossal sculptural undertaking in the history of the world is that proposed by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in commemoration of the heroic achievements of the men of the Civil War, and for the purpose of idealizing the patriotism of the south's forefathers by perpetuating in stone their deeds of valor. The extraordinary sculptural work was conceived by Gutzon Borglum, famous sculptor. The grandeur of the sculptor's conception and the interesting circumstances of these achievements of southern heroism are to be carved on a mammoth natural monolith, consisting of the entire side of a mountain near Atlanta, Ga. The idea is unique in the history of monumental art.

Upon the upper portion of the almost precipitous face of the mountain will be cut the great groups of horses and men, infantry and cavalry. According to the sculptor he will carve the grand characters of the stormy days of the Civil War in colossal proportion in high and full relief, representing them in motion, mounted on foot, moving across the face of the mountain in two wings of an army following the mountain contour, moving naturally to the east. This will be done in sections, beginning with the principal figures of Lee, Jackson and Johnson. The chief leaders of the south will appear on the shoulder of the mountain some 400 feet from the base. The figures will be visible for several miles. The mountain itself is two miles long, and 700 feet in height.

Borglum proposes to cut into the base of the mountain, and directly under the central group of Lee and Jackson, but hidden in the forest and invisible at a distance, a huge colonnade of thirteen columns, one for each of the thirteen states. The granite will be excavated round and back of them. Behind these columns a room will be carved out reaching sixty feet into the mountain and running the entire length of the colonnade, dedicated to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and to be used by them as a gathering place, where they may also deposit their archives. The hall, it is proposed, will be reached through a beautiful park, which will be a part and the property of the reservation. A broad flight of granite steps leading to the entrance would complete the memorial. It is estimated that it will take several years to complete this work. The donors of the property are Samuel Venable, his brothers and their heirs. Work may be begun in 1916.—News-Scimitar.

TAKING OFF THE CHILL.

This story is probably exaggerated but it has the merit of being suitable midwinter reading.

Maclyn Arbuckle says a darkey in Galveston got a job in Menapopolis and, having a desire to visit the north started for his new place in the middle of January. Texas was balmy when he left, but he stepped off the steam-heated train in the middle of the worst blizzard in fifteen years. In his cotton shirt and ragged overalls the new arrival staggered along for perhaps a hundred yards, then stiffened like a board and rolled over in a snowdrift.

There, according to Arbuckle, a policeman found him sometime later and with the aid of two hardy citizens, carried the body to the morgue, where the coroner diagnosed the case as one of death by exposure; and since the earth was frozen so hard that burials were impossible, the unknown was sent to the crematory.

On arrival there an attendant slid the body into the white-hot interior of the receptacle and went off to bed. Next morning another body was brought to him. As he opened the door of the crematory and drew back from the gush of terrific heat that shot out into his face, a complaining voice came from the inside saying: "Who is dat openin' dat do' and lettin' all dat cold air in heah on me?"

A CREED.

Mr. Edward T. Stitt, district superintendent of the New York city schools has issued a "City Creed for Social Service," which reads:

"We believe—
"That social betterment of the masses can be best accomplished by a wider use of our school plants.

"That the conservation of our youth is as important as that of our national resources.

"That low taxes are to be favored if they do not lead to a low standard of living.

"That all people who work shall have an opportunity to play.

"That strength of body, allied with strength of mind, will develop good all-around Americans.

"That the personality of our teaching force and a conservation of our energies are necessary to accomplish the greatest success in social regeneration.

"That large cities should be as proud of sturdy children and strong workmen as of beautiful parks and public buildings.

HEARS SERMON AND CONFESSES

Jack London, Escaped Tennessee Convict Tells Sheriff All After Conversion

His conscience stirred by the plea of an evangelist who sought to show him the better way, Jack London, a convict who escaped from the state prison in Nashville July 14, 1914, recently that he was an escaped convict, and announced his readiness to come back to Nashville and finish out his sentence.

London was sent up from Tipton county on a charge of grand larceny to serve a three year term, and after a few months was made a trusty at the prison. He had but six months and two days more to serve when he made his getaway, and nothing had been heard of him since. London turned up in Springfield a few days ago, where he was arrested on a charge of forgery. However, after he got into the trouble, he happened to pass a church where a revival meeting was in progress. Attracted by the music he entered the place. The revival was being conducted by Evangelists Chapman and Alexander in Springfield, and the ex-convict was among a number of converts who were touched by the speakers.

It was then that London resolved to take the upper road, and he went to and told him that he was an ex-convict. "I am through with being worried to death with the thought that I should be back in the Tennessee penitentiary," said London. The ex-convict said his number was 6540. Sheriff Wheeler wired Warden Shaw that he had London in custody, and Warden Shaw immediately notified the Illinois officer that the Tennessee prison would send a man for London: if requisition papers would be honored. However, it is thought that London will have to serve his time in Illinois on a forgery charge before he can be returned to Tennessee.

THE SPIRIT WE DESIRE TO DEVELOP WITHIN OUR SCHOOLS

(Paper read before Haywood County teachers at their February meeting by Mrs. R. P. Caldwell.)

So marked have been the changes in our educational world, even in recent years—it is now taken for granted that all teachers worthy of the name consider text-book knowledge of minor importance when compared with the other broader and deeper things we wish to impart to, and instill in our pupils. As we know growth, mental, moral and physical is our keynote. But would it not be better to give morality the first place and let it include not only a clean life, but one of lofty ideals—patriotism and honesty? Strive to create within them the spirit to do something and an inspiration to them. Point them to the great men of all times, men whose lives have been a blessing to humanity, not so much on account of the deeds they did, but of the lives they lived.

Keep in mind the fact that when the children now under our care have passed into manhood and womanhood, and on out into the broad field of life, it will not be the questions answered on examination day that will count, but "what manner of man is he." This will be the test of your work and of mine, and taking this view, a few sort of interest seems to gather about it.

The songs we sing, the stories we tell, and even the little copies we write, take on a new meaning, and many of them, if rightly used, will help us in sowing the seed thoughts we wish to implant.

Perhaps had more attention been given this in the past our prisons and reformatories would not now be so full.

Children are like plants in many respects. As they are bent, so they will grow. The school, next to the home, deals with them during the most impressive stage, and if they are here turned into paths of truthfulness, honesty and patriotism, they will develop into citizens of the highest type.

The time has been when this would have been much more difficult than now, for now, as never before the home is co-operating with the school and the school is reaching out into the homes, teaching the people thro' the children, the things they most need to know.

Everywhere the spirit is abroad to make our boys and girls men and women ready to march out into the great school of life, prepared for its beautiful science, and ready and happy to give what service they can, to their fellowman, their community and their country.

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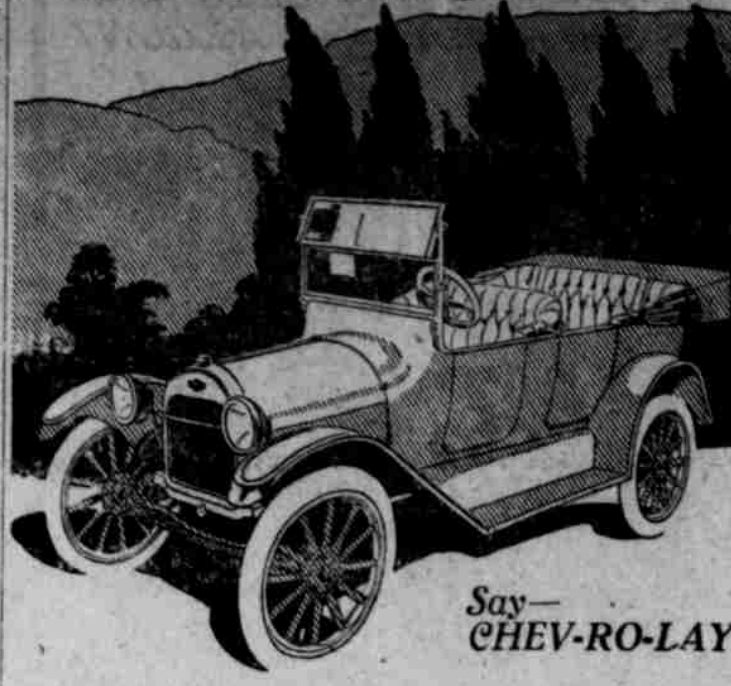
P. A. CAPDAU

who owns and operates one of the big stores in New Orleans, says:

"I am of the opinion that Rexall Orderlies are the ideal laxative for men, women and children. This opinion is based upon my knowledge of the formula and upon what my customers say about them. Through personal experience, I know they are pleasant to take, gentle in action, and give the most pleasing results when used by men, women or children."

We have the exclusive selling rights for this great laxative. Trial size, 10 cents. COPPEDGE DRUG CO., Inc. THE REXALL STORE

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NON-RESIDENT NOTICE.

Emma White vs. Arthur White.—In the Chancery Court at Brownsville, Tennessee.

In this cause it appearing by affidavit, that Arthur White, the defendant in the above styled cause is a non-resident of the state of Tennessee and a resident of the state of Arkansas, he is therefore hereby required to appear on or before the

Fourth Monday in April, 1916,

before the Chancery court of Haywood county, Tennessee, at the court house in Brownsville, Tennessee, and make defense to the bill filed against him in said court by Emma White, or otherwise the bill will be taken for confessed. It is further ordered that this notice be published once a week for four consecutive weeks in the States-Graphic, a weekly newspaper, of Brownsville, Tennessee.

This March 20th, 1916.
J. T. GRAY, C. & M.
Kinney & Wills Sols for Compts.

GOODRICH

BLACK Safety Tread TIRES

WILL BRING YOUR CAR UP-TO-DATE

The tough black tread clinging to slippery streets just like a bare foot.

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